

*The History of*

Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,  
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,  
This infant warriour, in his enterprises,  
Discomfited great Douglas, tane him once,  
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
The Archbishops Grace of Yorke, Douglas, Mortimer  
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.  
But, wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?  
Why, Harry do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my neereft and deereft enemy?  
Thou that art like enough through vassall feare  
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,  
To fight against me vnder Percies pay,  
To dog his heeles, and curticie at his frownes,  
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

*Prin.* Do not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,  
And God forgive them, that so much haue swayde  
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:  
I will redeeme all this on Percies head:  
And in the closing of some glorious day  
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,  
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,  
And stainie my fauours in a bloody maske,  
Which washt away, shall scoure my shame with it.  
And that shall bee the day, when ere it lights  
That this same child of honour and renowne,  
This gallant Hotspur, this all prayfed knight,  
And your vnthought of Harry chance to meet,  
For euery honor sitting on his helme,  
Would they were multitudes, and on my head  
My shame redoubled. For the time will come  
That I shall make this Northerne youth exchange  
His glorious deedes for my indignities,  
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord  
To engrosse my glorious deedes on my behalfe,

And

*Henrie the fourth,*

And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render euery glory vp,  
Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,  
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.  
This in the name of God I promise here,  
The which if he bepleas'd, I shall performe  
I do beseech your Maiesty may salue,  
The long growne woundes of my intemperance:  
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,  
And I will die a hundred thousands deaths,  
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this vow.  
*Kin.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this,  
Thou shalt haue charge, and soueraigne trust herein,  
How now good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

*Enter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* So hath the busines that I come to speake of  
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,  
That Douglas and the English rebels met  
The eleuenth of this month at Shrewsburie,  
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,  
(If promises be kept on euery hand)  
As euer offred foule play in a state.

*Kin.* The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day,  
With him my sonne Lord Iohn of Lancaster,  
For this aduerisement is fise daies old,  
On wednesday next. Harry, thou shalt set forward  
On Thursday, we our selues will march. Our meeting  
Is Bridgenorth, and Harry you shall march  
Through Gloucestershire, by which account  
Our busines valued some twelue daies hence  
Our generall forces at Bridgenorth shall meet  
Our hands are full of busines, let's away,  
Aduantage fees des him fat, while men delay.

*Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.*

*Fal.* Bardoll, am I not false away vilely since this last  
do I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skin han  
me like an old Ladies loose gowne. I am withered lik  
apple Iohn. Well, ile repent, and that sodainely, whil

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